

Allan Sherman, Pop Hates the Beatles

My daughter needs a new phonograph
She wore out all the needles
Besides, I broke the old one in half
I hate the Beatles
She says they have a Liverpool beat
She says they used to play there
Four nice kids from offa the street
Why didn't they stay there?
What is all the screaming about?
Fainting and swooning
Sounds to me like their guitars
Could use a little tuning
The boys are from the British Empire
The British think they're keen
If that is what the British desire
God Save The Queen
No daughter of mine can push me around
In my house I'm the master
But when the British come into town
Gad, what a disaster
Little girls in sneakers and jeans
Destroyed the territory
'Twas like some of the gorier scenes
From West Side Story
Of course my daughter had to go there
The tickets are cheap, she hollers
I was able to pick up a pair
For forty-seven dollars
When the Beatles come on the stage
They scream and shriek and cheer them
Now I know why they're such a rage
It's impossible to hear them
Ringo is the one with the drum
The others all play with him
It shows you what a boy can become
Without a sense of rhythm
There's Beatle books and T-shirts and rings
And one thing and another
To buy my daughter all of these things
I had to sell her brother
Back in 1776
We fought the British then, folks
Parents of America
It's time to do it again, folks
When they come back, here's how we'll begin
We'll throw 'em in Boston harbor
But please, before we toss 'em all in
Let's take 'em to a barber